

The history

The wife I choose, there can be no euasion,
To blench from this and to stand firme by honor,
We turne not backe the sikkes vpon the marchant
When we haue soild them, nor the remainder viands,
We do not throw in vnrespectue flue,
Because we now are full, it was thought me
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes,
Your breth with full consent belied his sailes,
The seas and winds (old wranglers) tooke a truce:
And did him seruice, hee toucht the ports desired
And for an old aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queene, whose youth and freshnesse,
Wrinkles *Apollos*, and makes pale the morning,
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt,
Is she worth keeping? why shee is a pearle,
Whose price hath lanch't above a thousand ships:
And turn'd down'd Kings to Marchants,
If youle auouch twas wisdom *Paris* went,
As you must needs, for you all cri'd go, go,
If youle confesse he brought home worthy prizes:
As you must needs, for you all, clapt your hands,
And cry'd inestimable: why do you now
The yssue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that neuer fortune did,
Begger the estimation, which you priz'd
Richer then sea and land: O theft most base,
That wee haue stolne, what we do feare to keepe,
But theues vnworthy of a thing so stolne:
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our native place.

Enter Cassandra raving.

Cass. Cry Troyans cry:

Priam. What noise? what strike is this?

Troy. Tis our madde sister I do know her voice,

Cass. Cry Troyans, *Hell.* It is *Cassandra*!

Cass. Cry Troyans cry, lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick teares.

Hell. Peace sister peace,

of Troilus and Cresseida.

Cass. Virgins, and boyes, mid-age, and wrinckled elders,
Soft infancie, that nothing canst but crie,
Add to my clamours: let vs pay-by-times
A moytie of that masse of mone to come:
Crie *Troyans* crye, practise your eyes with teares,
Troy must not bee, nor goodly I lion stand,
Our fire-brand brother *Paris* burnes vs all,
Crie *Troyans* crye, a *Helen* and a woe,
Crie crie, Troy burnes, or else let *Helen* goe, *Exit.*

Hell. Now youthfull *Troilus*, do not these high straines
Of diuination in our Sister worke
Some touches of remorse? or is your bloud
So madly hott, that no discourse of reason
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad caue,
Can qualifie the same?

Troy. Why brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iustnesse of each act
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes,
Because *Cassandra*'s madde, her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distast the goodnesse of a quarrell,
Which hath our feuerall honors all engag'd,
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more toucht then all *Priams* sonnes:
And *Ioue* forbid there should be done amongst vs,
Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,
To fight for and maintaine.

Par. Else might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vn-der-takings as your counfells,
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gau wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on so dire a proiect,
For what (alas) can these my single armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and enmitie of thole
This quarrell wou'd excite? Yet I protest
Were I alone to passe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,